THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXIX. | DECEMBER, 1877. | NEW SERIES. VOL. VI. No. 12.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

OUR young friends are already looking forward to Christmas, longing for it to come, and wondering what presents they will receive. We are obliged to wish them "a merry Christmas" a little before the time; but it is none the less sincere, and we are sure that it will be none the less acceptable on that account. Our Christmas present, which is a Christmas number of "The Dayspring," we send along with our Christmas wish.

Our pictures for this month represent scenes suggested by the New Testament accounts of the infancy of Jesus. One friend has contributed a nice Christmas story, called "The China Doll;" another, a fine little poem, called "One Christmas Wish;" while another has given a very touching account of "A Little Sick Girl." Each of these stories contains a lesson, which we hope will be remembered by our readers. All of you can cherish just the spirit that these children did; and some of you can do just the things that they did. The best thing you can do is to do good to others. The merriest Christmas you can have will come by cheering some little heart that otherwise might remain sad.

For The Dayspring.

THE CHINA DOLL.

JENNY DORR woke very early on Christmas morning, and, creeping out of bed as softly as a mouse, scampered across the room, on her tiny pink toes, to get her stocking. Oh the delight of her little heart! The stocking was crammed; and at the top, with her head and arms out, was a pretty china doll, — the very thing Jenny had been wishing for, and wondering if good old Kriss would bring. She almost screamed, but thought just in time; and clapping one hand over her rosy mouth, and with the other holding fast her treasure, she jumped into bed. She cuddled the pink toes beneath the fleecy blankets, and explored the precious stocking.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she kept saying, as one pretty thing after another came to light, — very softly, though, lest she should wake mamma or papa; little thinking that they were broad awake, and watching her with pleasure as great as her own.

What *did* that stocking hold? Do you want to know, little folks?

Well, first came the dolly, then a china dog and pussy, a golden orange, a chocolate mouse, a round pink box filled with sugar-almonds, and a "Christmas Stocking Library," — that is, some bright-colored picture-books, so called because they were just the size to slip into a stocking. No wonder Jenny's eyes sparkled, and she felt rich, with all these home-gifts, besides the wax doll and box of sugar-plums from the Sunday-school Christmas-tree the night before.

Jenny had a large family of dolls; but "Kitty Clyde," as she called the china one, was just the right size to sit in the baby-house, in a little blue-cushioned chair

which had lately been given to Jenny; besides, she could carry her in her pocket when she went out to walk or ride or visit.

She kept her without break or scratch for more than two months. One day she was playing with her in her mother's room, when the door-bell rang, and she heard her Uncle Frank's voice downstairs. She was delighted, and, hastily laying Kitty Clyde on the lounge, ran down to see him. Baby Minnie soon espied the treasure; and, with an exulting crow, crept as fast as her two little feet could carry her to the lounge, reached up her tiny hand, and grasped it. Katy, in whose charge she had been left, was busily sorting the clean clothes just from the laundry, and did not notice.

Jenny loved her baby sister dearly, and was always kind and generous towards her. She lent her playthings that would not be likely to break, and often showed her picture-books for half an hour at a time, when mamma was busy; but her china toys she had kept, as her mother advised, out of Minnie's sight.

Baby, in great glee, played with Kitty Clyde, putting her into her mouth, holding her by one arm or one foot, as it happened. When Jenny came back, and anxious for her imperilled dolly, tried to buy her off with a bright-colored worsted ball, baby, who was beginning to tire of her, threw her on the floor, breaking an arm.

Poor Jenny! The tears rushed to her eyes, and anger to her heart. She wanted to give Minnie a slap or a push; but she remembered that Christ's little ones must "love one another," and with a brave effort she shut her lips close, kept back the little hand, and, lest she should be tempted too much, ran out of the room. She did not know that Uncle Frank, just coming upstairs to his room, and passing the open door, had seen it all.

When her mother saw Kitty Clyde's plight, she said, —

"I can mend her arm, dear, though it will not be strong; and, if she gets a fall, it will come off again."

She took a bottle of mucilage and a brush from the closet, and mended the arm nicely. Then she lifted the little girl into her lap, and kissed her.

"My darling," she said, "mamma cannot tell you how glad she is that you kept your temper, and truly loved your little sister. This is worth far more than all the beautiful toys in the world."

And Jenny thought her mother's kiss, too, warm and tender and glad, was worth more.

In the morning Uncle Frank went into the city. That evening, just as Jenny had finished her supper, the door-bell rang, and Katy brought in a package which the expressman had just left. It was directed to Jenny, and, pleased and wondering, she opened it. She danced and clapped her hands when she found a china doll, even prettier than the one she had first, and a knitted worsted doll for baby.

The next day she came to her mother, and asked if she might give her mended dolly to Susie Lee, their washerwoman's little girl. Mamma was quite willing; and Susie, who had very few toys, was as much pleased with her "Kitty Clyde" as Jenny was with her Uncle Frank's gift.

J. W.

REVERENCE the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet, and from it learn all.

For The Dayspring.

ONE CHRISTMAS WISH.

"MAMMA, we want a Christmas gift,"
Said little Isabel;
"We want it very much, indeed, —
Please, Clara, will you tell?"
One arm around her mother's neck,
The little maiden stands,
And Frederic nearer to them draws,
His closed book in his hands.
Clara, a fair and gentle girl,
Scarce fifteen summers old,
Answered her sister with a smile,
And then the story told:
"You know, mamma, that Uncle Will,
When last he went away,
Left each of us some money, —
A gift for Christmas Day.
And when, this morning, I set out
To take the things you sent
To Mrs. Riley for her babe,
The others with me went.
Belle wanted something for her doll;
And Fred, a basket good
And strong, for Johnny Riley
To carry chips and wood.
He bought the basket on the way,
And soon we reached the place;
So poor a home, it brought a shade
To Isabel's bright face.
Not even a strip of carpeting;
The chairs were few and old;
The children's clothes so worn and thin,
I thought they must be cold.
The mother thanked us for your gift;
And Johnny cried, 'Hurrah!
That is the nicest basket
I ever, ever saw!
I'll get you lots and lots of chips,
Now, mammy dear,' he said;
'And, if I could, I'd like to do
Something for Master Fred.'
But, O mamma! the children, —
So many in that place!
I did not see how they could live
In such a narrow space.
And yet they seemed contented,
And healthy, too, I thought;
You would have laughed to see them eat
The cakes and nuts we brought.
And one, a tiny, dark-eyed child,
With hair of curly brown,
And bare, white shoulders peeping out
From her worn, tattered gown,
Won all our hearts directly,
She looked so sweet and good;
And, while Belle played with her, I tried
To find out all I could.
She was an orphan child, they said;
She had no friends or home;
And so they let her live with them,
Till better help should come.
Her father died long, long ago"
("Her name is Rose," said Belle);
"Her mother but a few months since;
Just when, they could not tell.
So then we left the Rileys,
And turned our steps toward home;
And, as we reached the toyshop,
Past which we meant to come,
I said to Belle, 'The bedstead
You wished so much to buy
For dolly will be here, I think:
Shall we go in and try?'
But Belle said, 'No, the doll could wait;'
Nor would Fred buy his ball;
Indeed, they did not seem to wish
For any thing at all.
And, as we walked along, I said,
'That darling little Rose!
I wish we had her for our own:
Perhaps we could, — who knows?'
Then Belle cried out, 'O Clara!
If only mamma would,
I'd give her all my money,
And I'd try to be *so* good.'
And Frederic said, 'The Rileys
Have given her food and home;
Our father's richer far than they, —
I'm sure he'll let her come.'
And now, mamma, of course, we know
You can't decide to-night;
But we want you to consider it,
And we hope you'll think it right.
And, if you say it is not best,
To do some good we'll try;
For Uncle Will's kind Christmas gift
Will serve her clothes to buy."
Then Isabel crept closer still,
And whispered soft and low, —
So low that only mother's ear

The earnest words could know:
"If darling Brother Charlie,
Who went to heaven last year,
Were with us now, don't you believe
He'd like to bring her here?
I think, perhaps, God sent us,
That we might see her there,
And give his little lamb a home,
Where she'd have better care."
The mother kissed the rosy lips,
A tear came to her eye;
She only said, "I'll ask papa,
And tell you, by and by."
And did the children have their wish?
When the bright Christmas sun
Was slowly sinking to the West,
And day was nearly done,
Papa called them to mother's room,
And, standing by her side,
A pretty little dark-eyed child
Their eager eyes espied.
No more in tattered garments dressed,
But clothed, from head to feet,
In raiment suited to her age,
Simple and warm and neat.
"Our Christmas gift!" cried joyous Belle;
"Our sister," whispered Fred;
"What can we do to thank you both?"
The thoughtful Clara said.
Their father answered: "Live in love,
That, as she older grows,
We may not find one thorn on this,
Our little Christmas rose."

A. E. A.

A GENTLEMAN met a little boy hauling a big baby in a little wagon. "Little boy," he said, "what are you doing for the Lord?" The little fellow stopped, looked up for a moment, and then made this reply:—

"Why, I'm trying to make baby happy, so he won't trouble mamma, who is sick."

That was a good answer, and a good work for the Lord.

"GOD loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small:
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?"

For The Dayspring.

ABOUT A LITTLE SICK GIRL.

"TEACHER, will you tell us a story?" The question was asked by a little girl in a Sunday-school class. — "Yes," answered the teacher, "I will tell you a story, and a true one, about a little sick girl. I called one day, this last summer, at the Lincoln Building, in Lincoln Street. It is sometimes called the Crystal Palace. A great many poor people live in the house, and as I had some flowers to give away, I went there and inquired of the agent, if there were any sick people in the building, who would like them. He told me of two or three; and one of them was a little girl, ten or twelve years old, who has been sick four years. Her name is Annie. Her parents are poor. They live in a corner tenement; so that when little Annie is seated in a high chair by the window, with pillows all around her, she can look out into two streets. But they are not pleasant streets to look into; they are noisy and dirty.

"She has a few pots of plants in the window, and a gentleman who saw her sitting there as he passed to and from the depot, near by, frequently brought her bunches of flowers during the summer.

"I went there several times with fruit.

"Sometimes she sews or knits a little, though her delicate little fingers, so thin and white, seem hardly able to hold her knitting needles. But I want to tell you about her Christmas party, which is the best thing I have to tell. There was a family living at the top of the house (a poorer family than Annie's), in which there were several children; and she said, one day, to her mother, 'Those little children upstairs will not have any Christmas presents. How much money

have I?' Her mother replied, 'Fifteen cents.'—'Then,' said Annie, 'I would like to have a Christmas-tree and invite them. I can buy some presents with my money.' Her mother told her she might, and went herself to get a tree. Annie sent for some cent dolls and other toys, to put on the tree, the children were invited, and Annie had her party. Do you not think they must have enjoyed it very much?"—"Yes'm."—"And why do you think Annie would probably enjoy it more than a great many people, who are rich, and able to give a more elegant party?" A silence followed the question; if any little girl knew, she did not know how to express herself. "Do you not think," asked the teacher, "that she was very much like the poor widow we read about in the Bible, who gave her mite, which was *all* she had?"—"Yes'm," was the answer given with bright faces, as they realized the truth. C. S. B.

HUMOROUS.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard, chaplain to the mother of George III., Rector of St. George's, Southwark, was always in arrears with his tradesmen, and was often perplexed to keep them in a good temper. He once took for his text, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." After dilating at some length on the virtue of patience, he said: "And now I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all;' but that I shall defer to a future opportunity."

THE old Scottish hearers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching old sermons. A group of parishioners was observed to be somewhat merry on their way home. The minister asked the cause of this. "Indeed, sir," replied the beadle, "they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to-day; but I tackled them, for I tauld them it was no an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it not six months syne."

A LITTLE boy came to his mother recently, and said, "Mamma, I should think, if I was made of dust, I should get muddy inside when I drink."

A LITTLE girl, four years old, went to church one morning for the first time. All the way there, it was impressed and reimpressed upon her mind that she must keep still, and not talk in church, which she faithfully did; and, as soon as the service was over, she ran out of the seat, and up to the minister, and said, "Mr. B., did you hear me keep still in meeting."

SOME one is attempting to cast a stain on the reputation of Christopher Columbus, by circulating a story that, on a certain occasion, he left his native land for "parts unknown."

A LITTLE boy, walking out with his father, observed a little dog with a very short tail, and he exclaimed, "O papa, that little dog hasn't any tail, mostly!"

THE costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

Do little helpful things, and speak helpful words whenever you can. They are better than pearls and diamonds to strew along the roadside of life. They will yield a far more valuable harvest, and you will not fail to find it, after many days.

HARSH words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

For The Dayspring.

SALLIE'S SURPRISE.

A TRUE STORY, IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. H. W.

PART II.

The Cat in the Bag.

IN Part First, you were told about Sallie Ambleton's plan to surprise her father on his birthday; and the number closed with a description of the family hotel in which the Ambletons lived. Let us now see what the arrangement of the house had to do with this plan of Sallie's, and how her plan was carried out.

It will be remembered that the second story of Nuns' Edifice was unoccupied, because the Dieufrees had just moved away.

Mr. Ambleton knew already enough about the preparations to expect a show of some sort; and so it occurred to Sallie to beg her father to ask Mr. Robert Nuns, who had charge of the estate, if the children might not use the empty flat for their good time. Mr. Ambleton spoke to Mr. Nuns. Mr. Nuns was obliging and fond of children. He believed in children, and wanted them to have a good time. When next he saw Larry, — the janitor who did the chores on the premises, — he told him to let Sallie Ambleton have the keys of the second flat.

Sallie thought she was just about *made*. She told the other children; and all nine of them, including the wee tots, rejoiced together.

The next day was Wednesday, and then school did not keep in the afternoon; so they had it to themselves. To be sure, Sallie helped her mother with the dinner dishes, but that did not take long, and the chosen nine began their work, and chairs and tables and dresses were brought downstairs into what they still called the Dieufree story. The rehearsals had previously been in the attic-room, but now — oh, what a nice place they had!

"Which room shall we use?" asked Dora Witness.

"The two front rooms," said Artie, promptly.

"Why?" asked Rosy.

"*Why?*" replied Tallie Ambleton, rather scornfully. "Can't you see?"

"I can," said Sallie, "because there is a big door between the rooms; and one shall be our stage, and the other the auditorium."

"What's the au-je-to-re-rum?" asked Artie.

"The auditorium is where the people sit to see the show," replied Sallie, who was rather fond of using big words. "Don't you know what an auditorium is?"

Then there arose a discussion as to which room should be for the audience, and which for the players. The younger children wanted the larger room for the play, and the smaller one for the spectators; but the older children thought it best to use the bigger room for the people.

"Pooh!" said Artie, "I don't believe there'll be many here."

"Yes, there will," said Tallie; "there's your mother and your father and" —

"Oh! you bet my father can't come. He's a doctor. He's always away. If he wants to stay home never so bad, somebody is always sick and sending after him."

This dispute, like all disputes about uncertainties, never would have been ended if Eddie Steeling had not interrupted the small boys to ask their opinion about curtain or no curtain. Some thought it would be well to put up a curtain, because they

had seen a curtain at the Museum. Eddie argued against a curtain. He had been, he told them, to one playhouse in Boston where there wasn't a curtain.

"No curtain?" they all exclaimed.

"Well," explained Eddie, "there *is* a curtain at the Globe; but it don't roll up, like other curtains."

"How does it work?" asked Sallie.

"Well, it separates in the middle. I could see the two men standing in the centre, and waiting for the bell to ring; and, when it did ring, they pulled it apart, one on one side and the other on the other side"

"Let's have our curtain run that way," said Rosy.

"Where is the curtain?" asked Dora.

"Sure enough," said Sallie: "it would take lots of money to get a great curtain."

This carried the day. It was decided to open and shut the doors, and not bother about a curtain.

Papa's birth-day was on May 14, but as that came on Monday, a school-day, it would not be easy to have the exhibition then; so it was thought well to have it on the Saturday afternoon before. But, when that week arrived, the play was not ready. The next week something interfered. Papa began to think that his birthday never would be celebrated.

It always makes trouble for other people when one is not on time. To be punctual to the day and the hour, and never keep anybody waiting a minute, should be a rule of life. To steal the time of our fellowmen, by lack of promptness, is almost as bad as stealing their money, and sometimes worse, for "time *is* money."

In this delay, the children were no worse than their elders; for not one person in five hundred can be depended upon as certain to keep an appointment.

Mr. Ambleton told the children a good story about punctuality. He had a venerable friend who wrote a treatise on *punctuation*, — that is, the proper use of commas, dashes, capital letters, and other points in writing and printing.

The author of this book was at a Sunday-school meeting, and sat with the speakers on the platform. The superintendent of the school was annoyed at the tardiness of some of the children, who came in after the exercises had begun, and spoke about it. In the course of his speech he said that they all ought to be punctual, and he added, "Children, I counsel you to improve in promptness; and for that purpose I advise you all to read" — and here he turned and bowed to Mr. Wilson — "my friend Mr. Wilson's excellent book on *punctuation*."

Mr. Ambleton asked the children if they saw the joke. Some of them did, and to the rest he explained it; and they concluded that the superintendent knew more about punctuality, or promptness, than he did about punctuation in grammar.

The delay suggested improvements. Eddie Steeling had a printing press, — a small one called the "Novelty," — and he was to print the tickets. Now he proposed to print some programmes also. Sallie was overjoyed at the idea. They made out the bill, and Eddie set it up in types, and then printed one to see how it looked. He thought it would be well to show it to his mother at home; and it was well that he did, for there were several mistakes.

Mrs. Steeling looked at the name of Sallie's play, — "The Love Chase." "It seems to me you take a pretty old and long play," she said, the next time Sallie came in.

"It is short," said Sallie; "and I don't call it old."

"Where did you get it?" asked Mrs. Steeling.

"I wrote it myself," said Sallie, very proud of her achievement.

"Wrote it yourself, little girl? Why, I thought it was an long play I once saw, called 'The Love Chase.' Is it not taken from that?"

"No, indeed!" replied Sallie; "I never heard of another play of that name."

Mrs. Steeling told her that there was a famous comedy of that name, written by James Sheridan Knowles long ago. So they talked it over, and concluded to call Sallie's piece "Hymen's Pursuit."

At first, none of the children knew what Hymen meant; but Mrs. Steeling told them that Hymen was in ancient times the heathen goddess of weddings, and they concluded that the name was a good one.

The right day came at last, and all was prepared. Some old chairs and a board were provided for the audience, which was not very large.

The tickets were five cents apiece. On each was printed these words: —

CENTENNIAL MUSEUM.

Admit One.

This name was chosen because 1876 was the Centennial year.

Mrs. Steeling, Mrs. Witness, their neighbors the Bunyans, the Bacons from the upper flat, the Dieufrees, and a few outside children, had bought tickets, and were there; though they did not all come in time to see the show begin. A caller came in just in the nick of time to join them. This was Mrs. Brownson, who lived next door to the Ambletons in the country when Sallie was a midget only two or three years old. In those infantile days, she called her "Auntie Bow-wow," which was the nearest she could come to "Brownson." Sallie was real glad to see Auntie Bowwow, and gave her a front seat. When the auditors were nearly all assembled, Sallie went down and gave her father a ticket, on the back of which was written "Complimentary," which meant that he was not to pay for it. In a few minutes he went upstairs, and took his place with the others as the chief guest of the occasion.

Meanwhile it had been found necessary to have a prompter; and another neighbor, Myra Brewis, had been engaged during the last week, just as the programmes were being printed.

Each auditor had a bill, and you will wish to see a copy. Here it is: —

CENTENNIAL MUSEUM.

(In honor of papa's birth-day.)

Wednesday, May 23, 1877.

OVERTURE: *Hold the Fort.*

A new drama, by Sallie Oldboy Ambleton, in five scenes, entitled: —

HYMEN'S PURSUIT.

MRS. FAIRWEATHER . . .	The Authoress.
MR. FAIRWEATHER . . .	Edward Steeling.
MARY, their daughter . . .	Dora Witness.
MR. CORKOISE { Mary's	Talbot Ambleton.
MR. MICHELLE { beaux	Arthur Witness.
HATTIE LUCAS, a friend . .	Rosalind Witness.
SAM JONES, a villain . . .	Pattie Dieufree.
WAITER	D. Q. Pattee.

S. EDWARD, Manager.
A. TALBOT, Treasurer.
W. ARTHUR, Usher.
M. BREWIS, Prompter.
D. PATTY, Doorkeeper.
P. FREEDEW, Music.
Properties by W. ROSAL.
Costumes by Miss D. WITNESS.

Admission: a half-dime.

☞ After the play, a Salmagundi.

N. B. — Folks will please remain seated after the play, as there is to be something else.

How many blunders there would have been in this programme if Mrs. Steeling had not corrected her boy's printing, nobody knows; but she only corrected the spelling, and made one or two suggestions, because she wished it to be as much the children's own arrangement as possible.

You would suppose, to read the bill, that there were several more children in the affair than have been told you about. Truly, there were only the heroic eight; but they had twisted their names so that they should not be found out, and yet tell no real lies. Pattie's name figured four times in the list: as Pattie Dieufree, D. Patty, D. Q. Pattee, and P. Freedew.

Though Pattie was little, her responsibilities were great. She was particularly perplexed, in reading the bill, about *Salmagundi*, and resolutely refused to have any thing to do with any thing so outlandish. Eddie Steeling explained that Salmagundi was a name for a kind of chopped pickles. He had found the word in his game of "Authors," on the Washington Irving card, which showed that Irving had written a book, and called it by that name.

"How did you find out what it meant?" asked Pattie.

"Looked in the big dictionary, of course," replied Eddie.

"Are we to have mixed pickles and chow-chow to eat after the play?" inquired Pattie, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" said Eddie; "only speeches and things."

"Then why call them Salmagundi?" persisted Pattie.

"Because there's to be a mixture of things; and then, you know, *Sal* sounds like *Sallie*, and it is Sallie's show."

Pattie was silenced, but willing to be a little pickle in the Salmagundi.

To be continued.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONS.

CHILDREN by our Lord were honored
When on this poor earth he stayed;
Fondly he embraced and blessed them,
Though a frowning throng forbade.

To his side a child he summoned,
Placed him in the midst, and told
Those that simple guide to follow
Who God's kingdom would behold.

Still the gospel honors children,
Bids them to Christ's service move;
And their little rills of beauty
Swell the ocean of his love.

Bids them strive with zealous pity
For the desolate and sad,
Till the dark, deserted places
Are for them exceeding glad.

Children, to our dear Redeemer
Yield the grateful homage due;
And, by love to every creature,
Pay the love he bears for you.

Selected.

BOTH the mind and body are so constituted that they require constant but varied action. Utter idleness, of either body or mind, unless they be in a more or less diseased state, is not only unnecessary, but harmful in the extreme. It is a habit which, once indulged in, will grow upon the individual. Change of occupation for the muscles, change of the current of thought for the brain, is what will promote the fullest and most healthful development of both.

A COLLEGE student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" He answered, with the utmost simplicity, "Poor relations, sir."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE "Sunday-School Lessons" for December contain five Lessons (XIV.–XVIII.) of the series on the Old Testament. The subjects of this month's Lessons are: "The Ten Commandments," "The Golden Calf," "The Tabernacle," "The Priests and Sacrifices," and "The Three Great Feasts." We advise teachers, who are looking for something that will be interesting and instructive to their classes, to give this series of Lessons an examination. Specimen copies sent on application.

BOUND VOLUMES.

BOUND volumes of "The Dayspring" for 1877 are for sale at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston. Price, *seventy-five cents*; to subscribers *fifty cents*, with *ten cents* additional where the book is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes of the five previous years also for sale.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A NUMBER of subscriptions for 1877 are still unpaid. We are very anxious to have all accounts settled before the end of the year, and earnestly solicit all indebted to us to send us at once the amount due.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 13, 12, 2, 3, 9, 6, 13, is a powerful country.

My 7, 13, 5, 2, 10, is the chief magistrate of that country.

My 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 12, 13, 6, is a river of that country.

My 14, 11, 13, 11, 2, is one of many parts of that country.

My whole is a festival especially dear to children.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. I'll ne'er deceive you if you're on my side.
2. A land of Erin's sons the joy and pride.
3. A city quaint and old in Holland found.
4. What flowers feel when frost is on the ground.
5. A Southern State much noted for its pride.
6. The greatest evil which can us betide.
7. Its purple clusters often do entice.
8. An instrument in use for cutting ice.
9. One who is much devoted to a cause.
10. What you must not be if you'd win applause.
11. A famous cataract which none berate.
12. A magistrate of power in every State.

My primals in their order downward read
Tell that for me the bounteous board is spread,
When chill November winds are whistling round,
And thick the fallen leaves bestrew the ground.

My finals tell you of a welcome time,
When merry bells ring out their pleasant chime,
And young and old together meet with cheer
To give their greetings at the opening year.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

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